

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

No. XI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1823.

VOL. II.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

### THE TALE OF THE MERCHANT BARUCH.

My journey to Aleppo was the most remarkable of my life. I was then becoming tolerably rich, and I had for some time thought of retiring into some pleasant corner in Turkey, or amongst the Greek Islands. This journey, therefore, was taken more as one of pleasure than of profit—with a view of beholding once again the scenes I had before happily traversed than from any desire of mercantile speculation. I was called the lucky merchant; and, indeed, a man who could amass wealth enough to purchase a crown, in three journeys, might be considered almost miraculously fortunate. There is one singular proof of my luck interwoven with the story I am going to relate: I had purchased a watch of Simon Delcrona the last time I was at Geneva. He gave it me for 20 louis d'ors, though he said that it was worth 30, and I believe he said truly. An Indian in our caravan named Xanthus, was much taken with the bauble. He had with him a quantity of rough diamonds which he intended to dispose of at Ormus, and he offered me a bag of his diamonds for my watch. The poor man might have fallen an easy prey to sharpers, and I was surprised to find an Indian so simple; for the Indian merchants were commonly shrewd, calculating fellows, more likely to cheat than to be cheated. I told the Indian the precise comparative value of his diamonds and the watch, and then made him a present of it. If I had saved his life he could not have exhibited greater gratitude. I instructed him in the ways of merchants during the time we continued together in the caravan, which was till we arrived at Ormus. Ere we parted, he entreated me to accept, as a return for my kindness, of the bag of diamonds I had refused for my watch. But I remained inflexible. I accompanied him, however, to a jeweller with whom he wished to deal, and when I was about to bid him farewell he again pressed my acceptance of the diamonds. When he saw that his urging me was useless, he requested, as a favour, that I would put my hand into the bag and take out two at a venture; for, he said, he had learnt a good principle from his father—never to suffer a friend to go unrewarded, even if the reward were only nominal. I saw it would displease him to continue my refusal, and I took out two diamonds as he wished me.

One day as I was passing the shop of the jeweller to which I had shown the Indian, I entered, rather from pastime than otherwise, and requested him to cut one of the rough diamonds the young man had given me. In a few days I called for it, and was surprised to find that it was worth above 20,000 livres. When I took these diamonds there were two chances against me:—there were many small diamonds in the bag, and being rough, if I had even thrown them out upon the table and selected them, I might have taken what would turn out worth-

less even if I had accepted the largest. After I had staid my time, I sailed for El Khatif, where I was to meet a caravan for Jerusalem. As we sailed up the Persian Gulf we were attacked by one of the numerous pirate ships which always have, and, it seems, always will infest that neighbourhood. We fought long and bravely, but at length we were compelled to yield. We were conveyed into the hold, where we saw several prisoners who had been taken from some other vessel. Amongst the rest was a very old man, whose venerable looks and grief much affected me. He was evidently a person of rank; and I took him from appearance and complexion to be some Rajah from the Deckan. His noble, melancholy face, was continually suffused with tears; yet he seemed to weep for more than his present calamity. His hair was dishevelled; yet he appeared to have torn it not from his sorrow at being carried into slavery, but from some previous wretchedness. I consoled him as well as I could, for being, as I have said, more on a journey of pleasure than business, I had little to lose, and I took care to conceal my two diamonds, when the wretches who had conquered us ordered me to tear open my own baggage for their inspection.

When we put into one of the pirate ports I thought we should have been sold at some slave market, but it appeared the pirates were afraid of detection from such a proceeding, and as soon as night came they made us strip naked and drove us out to the edge of the desert. But I did not forget to put my diamonds in my mouth, so that I had still something on which to subsist when I could find means of disposing of them. I naturally attached myself to the old man, as he seemed the most helpless and friendless. We soon wandered from our companions, and we knew not where to move, or how to proceed. I conceived that the pirates merely drove us forth like neglected cattle, but that when they wanted our labour they would probably find us out and drive us back. I communicated this thought to the old man, and he agreed with me. We then decided, that rather than again submit to be slaves we would venture onward without food, and without a guide, trusting to Providence for our safety. We walked on for some hours. By the light of the stars, which appear so large in these countries, we saw the whole extent of ground before us to the horizon, and it was nothing but a mass of sand, on every side so much alike that if we were to turn twice or thrice round we could not tell the direction we had been travelling. Even our feet-marks were obliterated by driven sand as fast as they were made. As well as we could, however, we steered ourselves by the stars and the signs of dawn towards what we supposed to be the direction of Medina, but, alas! it seemed to me we were never more to behold the habitations of men. The old man became weak, and after walking for a short time he fell down and fainted. We had neither food nor water with us. We had no hope. There seemed nothing for us but to die. I knelt to pray for succour or death—and the madness of the moment suggested the latter as our only complete succour—but as I knelt I saw—almost concealed from me by a slight rise in the sand—a well of the pu-

rest water. I ran to it with anxiety—my fear telling me that it might be one of those salt wells that so dreadfully disappoint the passenger in the desert;—but it was fresh water. I carried the old man to it—I sprinkled his face, and I wept with joy to see him revive. But my joy was but short-lived—where were we to procure food?—the sun was now rising, and we naked and already scorched with the hot sand and the increasing radiance. It seemed, indeed, as if Providence had determined to annihilate us, for we had hardly begun to lament our fate when a cloud of sand from the east gave us a sure token of one of those awful pillars which often overwhelm thousands of passengers at once. We resigned ourselves into the hands of Him who made us. The old man seemed even in this situation to be more afflicted with some concealed grief than with our immediate danger: “Alas!” he cried, “then I am never more to behold thee, my son—I am never again to clasp thee in my aged arms;—as for me, I am ripe for the sickle of the angel of death—but thou, my son, art wretched; and thou wilt perish without a friend to guide thee through the perils thou encounterest. Thou wilt live with honour while thou livest, but thou mayest die like the roe by the hands of thine enemies!” I thought by this that the son whom the old man lamented was a young soldier, or a sailor, who had gone from a venerable parent, not willing to allow his adventurous spirit to take its course. But the crisis of my own fate was too near for me to ask my aged companion the reason of his sorrow. The sand pillar came slowly onward—with that natural spirit of anticipation with which a criminal views the instrument of his execution, I looked again towards the pile of advancing sand. I now imagined that it came slower than commonly. I interrupted the prayers of the old man to inform him of this; but no sooner had he cast his eyes on it than he observed what I had not noticed before, that it was much lower than the generality of these pillars. I looked once more, and my whole frame thrilled with a sensation of thanksgiving for what now appeared not destruction but salvation.—It was an immense caravan that travelled slowly through the desert, and was evidently tending towards the spring we had already found so grateful. I now distinctly beheld the horses, the camels, and the elephants; and in a short time we could distinguish the few hardy Arabs who had chosen to travel on foot with the company. We blessed God, and were content. In about an hour the caravan reached us. It was going to Medina, and we found it had taken several of our former fellow-prisoners under its protection. The merchants of the caravan clothed us. The old man said his intended route lay by Medina, and he would travel with the caravan. If he had been bent to any other direction, the chief of the caravan, whom I knew, would have sent some of the Arabs to conduct him safely. We arrived, without any remarkable event, at Medina. I offered the captain my diamonds for his kindness (for I had friends at Medina by whose assistance I could prosecute my journey;) but he would not accept of them. At length, with much persuasion, he said he would take the rough one, on condition

that I should agree to consider my own all the profit it accumulated; and that, if there were no remarkable result from its sale, I was to hear no further of it. The old man said, circumstances rendered it necessary for him to remain some days in Medina, for he knew not at present which way his fortune would direct him. He had come to Medina as a central point for gaining information respecting some object of his search. I parted from him at the caravansera, intending to proceed to Jerusalem, but I thought it would be most unpropitious were I not to pay my devotions at the tomb of our holy prophet, which is at that place. I repaired to the mosque. I walked bare-foot through the brazen entrance—I knelt and prayed. While I was praying, an Iman in another part of the temple was preaching to the people. He was preaching from that part of the Koran which saith, “whose killeth a believer designedly, his reward shall be hell; he shall remain there for ever: and God shall be angry with him, and shall curse him, and shall prepare for him a great punishment.” I know not what was in the voice of the preacher, or in his manner—but I shuddered as he repeated the words, and I trembled from head to foot when, in his discourse, I distinctly heard my own name! My peculiarly sensitive disposition prevented me from recollecting that my name was scriptural, and might therefore naturally occur in the discourse of a preacher, without having reference to me. I rose from my prayers, and prepared to leave the city, when a crowd of people entered the mosque, preceded by a dervise, who the mob cried out, was about to perform miracles. I drew nearer, and was informed that he said there was a sword of Mahomet buried beneath the very spot where I had been praying, and that they were about to dig for it, in the hope, excited by the dervise, that it would perform miracles. I loitered to see the end of this folly—for though a strict mohammedan, I can easily see when any religious deception is going forward. They tore up the pavement—the dervise assisting with great energy. This dervise was a tall man, thin for his height, though with a shorter proportion he would have been regarded as tolerably stony. He had a dark lowering eye, a sallow complexion, a ferociously protruded underlip, and a long aquiline nose, that had a most savage appearance from an oblong cut, the traces of which remained on it from the corner of one eye to the nostril on the other side. Greater part of his nose might be thought to have been cut off by a sabre wound, and stuck on again by some uncommon medicament. He was just such a man as I would conceive to be alternately an open profligate and a religious hypocrite. I was convinced by his face that this sword affair was an imposture. After digging some time, they struck against a hard stone—they reached it—required several to lift it, and the dervise was apparently inclined that others should lift it and not himself. I carefully watched him, and while the people were occupied in raising this stone, or rather rock, (for it was of such a size as to require the aid of almost all present,) I saw him draw from his vest a phial, which I instantly knew contained a phosphoric mixture. The stone was raised

gradually out of its place, and lo ! beneath it there was indeed a sword. The dervise waved his hand rapidly over it, (with the concealed phial in his palm,) and a flash of fire came from the steel—the mob raised a shout of “a miracle ! a miracle !” I could not see and hear a holy place so profaned, and not resent it—my religious zeal overcame my prudence, I rushed forward, and with my staff I clove the villain to the earth. At that instant, the passage from the Koran, and the recollection of my name coupled with it, came full upon my memory. The man was senseless and bloody before me. I had committed murder—and on the very spot where I had heard myself warned of the fate marked out for murderers by the prophet. Such was the confusion that I might have escaped, but I could not move—I stood fixed as a statue. The recollection of the passage of the Koran came upon me like the divine wrath calling out my guilt to the world—the mob saw the expression of a convicted murderer in my face, and as soon as any of them could recover from their surprise, I was seized and pinioned. The silence that had succeeded the exultation at the supposed miracle, the silence of horror at my sacrilege was quickly followed by cries of “monster !” “kill him !” “slay him alive on the tomb of the prophet !” The iman, who had been preaching, and who was disturbed by the clamour, as he had been the cause of my destruction, from my not being able to flee after I had stricken down the impostor, was also the saviour of my life. He came by at the moment, and by his advice I was suffered to be conveyed quietly to the prison of Medina, as a murderer—not without a passing reference on the part of this venerable man, to the sermon he had been delivering—not without execrations from the tongues of all ranks and ages, whithersoever I was dragged in the way to my miserable dungeon.

For several days I lay more like one dead than alive. No food, no conversation, no exertion of my own to amuse myself, by recalling the adventures of my youth, nothing could rouse me. By degrees the gloom began to disperse. I thought of some means of escaping, and I had resolved to try the effect of my diamond, which I had concealed in my turban, when I was informed that I was to be removed for trial. The judge from whom I was to meet my doom was at Jerusalem ; he had gone thither to reside by order of the Sultan, and though it is not common to convey prisoners far for trial among mahomedans, I was to be taken to Jerusalem. We journeyed to that city on camels. As we were proceeding up the street at the entrance, we passed through a crowd collected to see the murderer, whose fame had flown before him. I cast my eyes mournfully over the pitiful and senselessly gazing throng for a moment, and then turned my face away. Suddenly I heard a cry from a particular direction—the tide of population gave way on each side—some one advanced, I conceived it to be some messenger from the judge—I looked round almost mechanically to know if my conjecture was correct, and I beheld the young Indian dealer in rough diamonds. He was in tears—had I not been mounted, he would have clasped me in his arms. But warned him against associating with, or appearing to know one who had committed murder. He told me he had heard a detail of the circumstances ; and he could not believe me guilty.—He would not be prevailed on not to accompany me, in spite of the curses against him, that were united with those against me, in consequence of his being my friend—the friend of the murderer ! There was a singular anomaly at Jerusalem which I observed, notwithstanding my situation. The Arabs who lived there were as loud in their condemnation of me as the rest.

This arose from their cunning. Had they met me in the desert, they would have cut my throat as calmly as they would have mounted their horses, but in Jerusalem it was necessary for them to act like the inhabitants. Even wrapped in my own mournful contemplations as I was, I could not help execrating this hypocrisy.

But I was not to die by the bow-string for killing the impostor at Medina. The young Indian listened to my story—he believed it—he went to the governor, with whom it seemed he was in friendship—he stated what had befallen me, informed him of the truth, and procured my liberation. It was not the truth, indeed, by means of which I thus escaped the expected punishment ; it was the governor’s fiat. He cared not whether I was a murderer or not—he had served his friend by discharging me from prison. I was cautioned not to remain in Jerusalem, and as my friend (for so I must now call the Indian,) intended to pursue his route, I determined to proceed with him. We reached Damascus in safety ; and set forward for Aleppo.

While we were yet within some leagues of that city, we reached a beautiful valley. It was evening. The golden rays of the sun threw an enchanting colour over the palm trees and dates and fragrant shrubs of the valley, and as we were admiring the scenery, we reached a spring, finely ornamented with carved stone work, in the eastern style of architecture. We sat down by it—we began to talk of the pleasures of retirement and home, and the young Indian was about to tell me his story, when the voice of some one in distress—the loud tones of men in quarrel—and the clashing of swords, were heard at a little distance. We mounted our horses and galloped to the place whence the sounds had issued. We soon descried amongst the trees three persons furiously assailing two others. It was the work of a moment to join the weaker party ; but we had no sooner done so than four or five more ruffians rushed to the contest. In the midst of the fray, the young Indian turned round, looked on one of the assailed persons, and cried out in a tone of most agonizing grief, mingled with what might otherwise have been thought a spirit of joyous recognition, but which was over-whelmed with painful feeling :—“ My father ! my father !” At these words I surveyed the person to whom he addressed himself—for I had not at first thought of narrowly observing him. I was astonished to see in him the old man who had been my companion in the desert. This, then, was the son he had lamented. It was indeed a melancholy meeting. We were fighting for our lives at the moment of the recognition. The old man saw and knew his son—and instantly fainted—the ruffians were about to murder him, but we offered to surrender ourselves if they spared his life. They made some doubtful but rather favourable answer, and we laid down our swords. Thus was I a prisoner a third time in this eventful journey. Once with the father—the second time, released by the son—and now taken along with both father and son, whom I never suspected to be so related, till as it were at the fatal moment of our capture.

We were compelled to go with the ruffians along the valley. Who would have expected so beautiful a valley to contain a den of such miscreants ? When near the end of it, one of the band pushed aside the shrubs, the clustering of which concealed the entrance of a cavern. The father and son were forced in, and I was reluctantly following, when I heard some one run suddenly up behind (as it were, a new comer,) and I received a blow which bereft me of my senses. When I came again to my recollection, I found myself in a large and very lofty room, apparently hewn out of the solid rock. At one

corner, on a pedestal, stood a twinkling lamp, which served to show that there were two wide entrances to the apartment—or, rather, that there was a gallery or passage which crossed it. I was not at first aware that any person was in the room but myself, but on a careful examination, I saw two figures lying on straw at the other end—one apparently supporting the head of the other. I spoke, and soon discovered that these were Xanthus and his father. After we had for some minutes deplored our condition, three of the banditti entered. They searched Xanthus and me, and discovering nothing about our persons that they could easily appropriate, they became highly incensed. “ As for your fellow yonder,” said one to the old man, “ he is dead of fright, and you may say your prayers as soon as you can, for you must go after him—we can’t be plagued with old tell-tales like you—will you have a priest, old one—nay, never supplicate us, my friends, you shall find us men of our words. We shall first kill the old man, and then consider about a place of burial for you.” Another stepped up to me : “ Why, friend merchant ! thou needst not be so much concerned about a trifling murder. They tell me thou hast done a little business in our way thyself—don’t look aghast, man, the dervise can’t murder thee now !” They seized the old man. In vain did Xanthus and myself pray, shriek, threaten, and promise wealth uncounted. We were chained, and could not resist them. They seized him by the silver hair. As the faint light fell on his features, I could see an expression of heavenly resignation. As he was past the common years of man, so he seemed to despise his mortal liability to suffering. While the merciless wretches were dragging him into the middle of the room, he struggled a little, but in vain—he broke a bond, indeed, that had controlled one of his arms, but he did not resist with it—he only held the hand up to heaven, as if invoking pardon on his assassins. They dashed him on the hard floor, as if they had already killed him. This unnerved him more than perhaps the stab of a dagger would have done. He tried to raise himself, but he trembled in every joint—he tried to speak, but his jaw fell and his words died in his throat—he joined his hands in supplication, not to them but the Almighty, and his hands and head moved in convulsion while he did so, and a tear, more from the physical effect of ill-usage he had undergone, than from any feeling of weakness—ran down his venerable cheek. Our cries and his appearance wrought upon the banditti : “ Wilt thou do it ? ” said one to another—“ Do thou, ” said the second to the third—“ nay, do thou, ” answered the third to the second. “ Cowards ! ” cried a voice of thunder, and in rushed a figure like the rest—stabbed the poor old man to the heart, and rushed out again as quickly as he entered. The old man turned to where his son lay chained, uttered “ my s—s— ” and the blood gushed from his mouth and his heart at the same moment, and he fell lifeless—a stream of blood mingled with his white hair on the rocky floor, and I felt as if I had seen the murder of the oldest man.

For some days Xanthus and myself lay like men dead, or like men dreaming they had passed the hour of their dissolution. We were stunned and paralyzed by the death of the old man, and though we were often told that we should follow him, the information did not terrify us into more than a bewildered consciousness of danger. At last we began to recover our recollection. Xanthus perceived that bread and water was set for us, wherewith we might preserve a lingering existence, and what I first observed was the affectionate Indian endeavouring to make me eat and drink some of our miserable pittance. The lamp died away

and expired, and we were left in total darkness. In this condition we must have remained for three days at least. The bread and water served us till then. For the whole three days we had not been visited by any one. It was plain the robbers had gone upon an expedition, and left us there to die ; or perhaps, indeed, imagined that we were already dying when they abandoned us. Our chains were fast to the floor—how were they to be loosened ? We examined them narrowly, hoping that some links might be rusted so as to enable us to break them—but they were sound and strong. We felt all round the rock where they were fixed, conceiving that where they were riveted there might have been some crack or hole in the stone by which they might be unfastened. But they were firm as on the first day of their fixture. They were locked, but they were stronger at and near the locks than at any other part.

After much examination, we were about to give up all hope of our liberation by breaking or loosening our chains, when I discovered that neither of the locks had places for any key. They were evidently opened, then, by springs, and these we set ourselves instantly to find. Having no light, we could not distinguish whether the locks and chains were of different metals, nor could we perceive any delicate junction of parts in either. For some hours we tried in vain to find a spring. We became hungry. Our last bread and water were consumed. I was in despair ; so was the Indian. He was weaker than I, and his despair produced a lassitude and a resignation such as people feel when they say they can lie down and die. But I was wrought up to a fit of frenzy. I clenched the chains, I dashed them on the ground. I tossed them up into the air, with a desire that they would fall on me and kill me. I spread my hands as far asunder as my manacles would allow me, brought them suddenly together and made the hideous music of rattling iron, which raging madmen so much delight to mingle with their yells. In a moment of insane fury I thought I grew longer and larger—I thought I felt my arms widening, and I rejoiced in an idea that I should fill the rocky dungeon with the gigantic bulk of my swelling desperation. Methought I was a tide of blood rolling and thickening as I rolled, till I should burst my prison and cover the world with the sanguine waves of my all-defiling vengeance. I was lying on my back, and I spread my arms in resignation as I had just before done in my frenzy. But madness is seldom without method. I found that my arms had more room than formerly. My chain had lengthened. I did not believe that I had fully recovered my senses. I called to Xanthus. I roused him, told him of my discovery, and asked him if it could be possible. I felt some links of the chain ; and then it was that I shouted with exultation. Each link was lengthened by each side of the link being hollow and stretching upon a piece in the centre. I traced the chain with my hand to the lock. A few of the links were as formerly. I pulled them with force. They too became longer ; the extension of each link seemed a step to the extension of that next to it, and the last link, when extended, drew the cause of its extension from the body of the lock itself—it snapped, the bolt loosened, and I was free.

But a new cause of grief assailed us. Xanthus stretched his chains vainly.—They became no longer. We tried our united strength ; but we could not move them, and the lock was as firm as ever. With the exertion of the strength of madness I had broken the spring of my chains, which without such strength I would never have discovered ; and it seemed that without madness we could never loosen the chains of Xanthus. While we were pulling with all the power left

to us, we thought we heard a noise amongst the setters from which I had just been liberated. It might be some animal with the blood of which we could satisfy our hunger. I crawled to my former position. I felt the chains—I went with my hands from the lock to the fastening in the wall, and then from the lock to another rivet in the floor. That rivet I found I had loosened in my furious efforts. I pulled up the chain, but there was a weight attached to it. It was the chain of Xanthus, which I now perceived was fixed to mine, and carried through some hole of the rock from one side of the dungeon to the other. I lost no time in dragging my chains through, towards Xanthus, supposing that as our chains had been connected, this proceeding would probably free him. Again we exerted our utmost strength. Again we failed. We lay till somewhat recovered, and made another effort. The chain stretched, but with so much difficulty that it seemed impossible it would ever stretch sufficiently. I accidentally involved myself in my chain, and at our next effort we found that the chain of Xanthus was as close as before it stretched at all. We pulled with all our might, and it was extended as far as at first. I examined my chain and felt it as much contracted as that of Xanthus was widened. I instantly conceived a possibility that only one of these locks could remain open at once. I pushed every link of my chain into its original limits, and tried to refasten the lock. The spring was evidently broken, for the lock closed but would not fasten. We stretched the chains of Xanthus, however. They yielded. At every endeavour they gave way. With one tremendous pull the spring snapped, and we fell to the ground exhausted, but rejoicing, for Xanthus too was free.

It is not for me to explain how so much mechanism had been employed about these chains. They might probably have remained in the condition in which we found them from the time of the crusades. From this conjecture I imagine the possibility of their being invented by some European. It is certain, indeed, whether invented by a European or an Asiatic, that curious inventions in mechanics are often found amongst the people of Asia. It is sometimes supposed that the Asiatics have been in former times more able than now, and sometimes that able Europeans, of whose history we are ignorant, have left amongst their less skilful fellow-mortals these remnants of their presence. In some of the caravans in which I have travelled I have seen singular inventions for the safe keeping of money and valuables which the Asiatics invariably claim to themselves. I recollect in one caravan there was a chest which, when locked, no locksmith could find means to open, even though it had been previously opened and locked in his presence; and in another caravan there was a chest which, when opened by any person not acquainted with the secret, sent forth four pistols, which it also discharged at the intruder. These things may show you the probability that there are yet many inventions in Mahomedan countries which, like the chains whence we had freed ourselves, may remain for years unknown to the world.

Xanthus and I were feeble, and almost incapable of moving. We knew not how we were to reach Aleppo. After groping about for some time we came to one of the entrances to our dungeon. We crept slowly forward. At last we descried an opening, and made towards it. We found that it was a way out of the cavern, and that it led into the very valley whence we had been taken. But it was a great height from the ground, and there was no apparent mode of escaping from our prison. There was no hole in the rock, no projection by which we could hope to descend. We concluded that the entrance here must be by ladder, and we remem-

bered that we were carried into the cavern without any ascent at all. We would not seek another entrance, however, lest the robbers should return in the mean time, or lest we should lose our way and perhaps perish. There was a tree about three yards from the entrance we had reached, but if we gained it, we had no means of descending it again.

We determined therefore to seek for some rope near the entrance, by which we might scramble to the tree; or, in case of necessity, we thought we might even go back and try to drag away our chains for this purpose. When we had gone about twenty yards into the cave, one of my knees struck against an unevenness we had not before noticed.—I felt it with my hand. It was something made of wood. I got my hand under it, and felt convinced by lifting it, that it was a plank. This was the best thing we could have desired. We got to the other end of it and pushed it gradually before us to the entrance. With great exertion, and great fear lest it should slip from us, we laid it between the cave and the tree. We then crept to the resting place on the latter. There we were astonished to find that the tree was cylindrically hollow from the place on which we landed, and that the foliage which we conceived to belong to it, belonged to another tree which was growing purposefully by its side, or rather round it. What could be the object of this cylinder but as a passage to some new concealment, we knew not. We thought we discerned a light at the bottom, but it seemed beyond the lower part of the tree that was level with the ground. I determined to try the descent. Xanthus entreated me to allow him to go before me; but I prevailed on him to remain till I reached the bottom, though he said that sooner than live without me, he would descend if some wild beast devoured me, and suffer himself to fall an equal sacrifice. I got into the hollow. A thousand fears crowded upon me. I felt a choking as I glided rapidly down—but it was only momentary—I reached the bottom in safety. There seemed a spacious passage, and the light I had seen was the light of day from some other part of the valley. Xanthus descended to me, we groped our way to the light, and discovered that there was an entrance into the valley, amongst shrubs and brushwood, exactly in the place where the contest occurred with the robbers. We blessed God for having conducted us thus far in safety; and exhausted with our exertions and want of food, we resigned ourselves to sleep.

I was awoken by the noise of tinkling bells, and found Xanthus just awakened and looking anxiously towards the part whence the sound proceeded. It approached us. At length we saw a small caravan, who appeared chiefly christians, coming rapidly forward. The bells were on the necks of their horses and their camels; and they seemed merely put on for amusement in their travelling through the wild country. They came close to us—we hailed them as well as our feeble state would allow. At the sound of our voices they quickened their pace, and were about to leave us. We crawled from the shrubs and entreated them to return. They consulted together, and at length two of their body rode back. We briefly related as much as was necessary to them, and entreated their assistance. They took us up behind them and carried us to the leader of the caravan. That person told us that they had quickened their pace because he remembered, when we called, that there was a dreadful band of robbers in the valley, commanded by one Ali Dani, whose deeds had made him feared by the whole district, and he much blamed himself for not having stopped the ringing of the bells, as he conceived, when he heard our voices, that the bells had given the robbers notice of their approach. This caravan conveyed us safe to Aleppo.

## THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,  
At glide butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out;  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were Gou's spies.

SHAKESPEARE.

*The Language of the Hands.*—It has been remarked, that as coincidence of character unites souls in the bonds of friendship, so bodies receive the most lively pleasure, when the corresponding parts of each come in contact with one another; that the eye, for instance, delights most to meet the eye; the hand to grasp the hand; the lips to press the lips, &c. This observation may be pregnant with unsuspecting results; it may, perhaps, afford a clue to the solutions of the problems of sympathy and antipathy: let it for the present conduct us to the subject of conversing by means of the hands. In love, it is well known, every thing is eccentric, every word a mystery, every little assurance an oath, every little untruth a purjury. Ordinary people can only speak by opening their mouths, and moving the tongue and lips; lovers, on the contrary, converse with their eyes, the forehead, the whole face, nay, even with their hands. A timid lover has, perhaps, never yet opened his mouth; but a gentle pressure of the hand has betrayed his heart to the beloved object. Those hands of a lover, which at the first interview do nothing but twist a hat, shew bashfulness and respectful timidity; but those which do nothing at all, announce indolence. When two hands, whose owners belong to different sexes, cordially press each other, they speak at that moment so much, that it would require a volume to express it all in words: their hearts start into their fingers, and every finger is transformed into a tongue. In this manner two friends silently tell each other the most affectionate things. Often when two lovers are annoyed by the presence of a rigid mother or guardian, they secretly squeeze each other's hands, and then whisper to each other "what a pity we are not alone!" The language of the eyes, so highly extolled by the poets, certainly has its advantage, but yet is far inferior to the language of the hands. In the dark it cannot be employed at all. It is intended to be sure with no noise, but a deaf person may hear it, and to none but the blind it is unintelligible; to every one, on the contrary, who can only half see, it but too readily betrays itself. When a lover ventures for the first time to grasp the hand of his charmer, she either withdraws it, and that is as much as to say, "I have no heart for you," or she suffers it, which is the same as if she said, "He whom I permit to touch my hand may hope also to touch my heart."

In lovers' quarrels indeed the hand is withdrawn to express anger, but soon extended again in token of reconciliation. Who can tell all that is said by the hand, which another's conveying to the lips to have a kiss imprinted upon it? This is done either slowly or hastily, either with trembling, or boldly, and expresses civility or respect, gratitude or love. Two hands are folded together—their owner prays; the folded hands are raised—he solicits something; they are rubbed one against the other—he is impatient. In many cases this does not require the whole hand; a few fingers, or even a single one, being sufficient to make themselves understood. The raised finger threatens, when bent it beckons, when extended it points. Two fingers produce the snap, a sign of contempt or defiance. The hand gives—the hand receives: both speak aloud. The first in particular proves the goodness of the heart or the giver, as well as the merit of the receiver. The hand likewise answers by a repulsive motion. A finger placed upon the lips inculcates discretion. The antients represented the

God of Silence in this attitude. How they have represented Venus, every body knows—the hands of the Goddess say, "I am bashful." The Graces take each other by the hand, as much as to say—"We ought to be indivisible." Two hands firmly grasping each other are the symbol of fidelity. The clinched fist bespeaks rage and revenge—the hollowed hand implores alms—the hand laid upon the heart protests—the hand upon the forehead thinks—the hand behind the ear expresses difficulties—the forefinger of the hand laid across that of the other, speaks the language of scorn and malicious joy—the point of the forefinger pressed against the point of the thumb, and then whipped to the nose, is the language of the profoundest contempt. In a word, there is scarcely a sentiment which the hand is not capable of expressing, and it not only completely supplies the place of the mouth in speaking, but also, rather imperfectly, in kissing—for when the lips cannot approach the beloved object, the hand throws kisses to her.

The following anecdote is from a little book called "Paramythia," written by an English artist who had resided at St. Petersburgh:—"What would the uncemonious, easy, frank, and artless inhabitants of such places as the rural, cottage-like, rustic vale of Clapham Common, Battersea Rise, and similar unadorned sylvan scenes do, in the predicament I once found myself, when the accomplished Princess Galitzin, and the Countesses Protassoff, her younger sisters, equally amiable and rich in those graces that a good education and the polish of a court never fail to give, drove up to my door in a splendid equipage with six horses, two out-riders, two hussars, and a court laquais in full livery? Imagine her tripping up stairs with perfect ease and freedom, to tell me she could not resist her sisters' repeated wishes to come and take an English family dinner with me. Delighted I really was, but not so my poor spouse! the whole house was in a quandary. I knew too well the humble bill of fare for the day; and stole out, in a few minutes, to assist in the awful conference. It was carried *nem. con.* that fish might be had in half an hour, and that a chicken might be broiled in less time; but what to do for something characteristic and English we did not know, and were in despair. At last I wrote a note to a neighbour, explaining our deplorable situation; and never was more enchanted than when I found the servant had returned loaded with a most famous cold round of beef, with, however, strong injunctions that it should be immediately returned after dinner, they having a large party in the evening, when many, many sandwiches would be wanted. I felt proud when we sat down to dinner: it was nicely pickled, looked enchantingly white and red, and was deservedly admired. Our visitors did justice to our additional dish, and all went on velvet. We took our coffee, chatted, drank tea, had a little music; but judge of my petrified condition, when the carriage came, to hear it ordered to go back, and return at twelve; the princess declaring she must have another slice of that most excellent beef at supper!—You might have knocked my wife down with a straw, and my daughters could play no more English tunes. I saw their distress, and judging it best to make a virtue of necessity, whispered the story to the princess, who entered into the spirit of it, we boldly sent again for the beef, and, as we were only a few doors apart, it furnished no small amusement to see the velocity with which the better part of the ox travelled backwards and forwards, certainly faster than even it had done when in the possession of its original owner. In short it was one of the most embarrassing yet merriest days I ever passed in my life."

## THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.  
COWPER.

Customs and Manners of the inhabitants of Africa, between Cape Lopez and Benguola. No. II.

**Consultations.**—When any affair of importance is in contemplation, the neighbouring chieftains assemble to debate upon its expediency, and, if agreed upon, to concert proper measures for carrying it into execution. Each chief is attended by a certain number of adherents, according to his rank. The conference is generally held beneath the shade of some gigantic cotton-tree, whose wide spreading branches would screen a little army. Having seated themselves in a circle, palm wine is introduced along with the subject of discussion, and no doubt contributes much to their eloquence! Nor do they forget, amid the graver matters of the state, the minor, but more fascinating virtues of tobacco, to which, in all its modes, they do ample justice.

**Sanga.**—The conference is proceeded by a war-dance, called, Running Sanga; and it is a point of ambition, who in the assembly shall exhibit this with the greatest effect; yet only a small number excel in it. The dance begins by a man rushing into the midst of the circle, brandishing a sword in his right hand; with this he reels about in every possible direction, writhing his body into the most extraordinary attitudes. His whole countenance becomes distorted, and expressive of the strongest agitation, which, with the fixed stare of his eyes, gives him all the appearance of a maniac. This state of violent exertion having continued about three minutes, another starts up in his stead, and endeavours if possible, to outdo him in the frantic display of violent and unnatural motions. When the dancers have thus exhibited their talents, the conference is opened. During the continuance of the Sanga, the whole group applaud each performer, and clap their hands in approbation of his skill and dexterity.

**Dress.**—The ordinary dress of the men in all the countries between Cape Lopez and Benguola, is similar, and extremely simple. It consists of four or five yards of coarse European manufacture, or as many grass-cloths sewed together as may be requisite. When folded round the lower part of the body, it is fastened above the loins by a few yards of red or blue cloth tied in a large knot. This garment reaches to the middle of the leg; the upper part is turned down over the belt, and the ends meet on the left thigh, the corners touching the ground. A cat's skin, an indispensable article of dress, hangs in front: the head, by which it is suspended, is turned downwards over the knot, and at its mouth usually hang a number of hawk-bells, keys, and other trinkets. A large tobacco-pipe, a knife, or dagger, and a fist, are secured beneath the belt. These, with a bracelet of ivory or brass on each wrist, a piece of iron chain on the ankles, and a common worsted cap lying loosely on the head, complete the dress. The latter article, however, is seldom worn by the chiefs, whose whole costume, on days of ceremony, consists of much finer materials. In addition to the other parts of their dress, they wear the grass cap and shawl on these occasions; their legs and arms are decorated with ivory and brass bracelets, which, with a quantity of fistils suspended from the left shoulder, make a dreadful noise. The hair, which is commonly worn short, is ingeniously shaven in a very singular manner. The head is divided, as it were into compartments, of which, each alternate one is cut out and the other allowed to grow. This

order is reversed each successive shaving, the long hair being cut, and the short left.

**Dancing.**—No opportunity is lost in engaging in this favourite amusement: in good weather every village sends forth its evening band of joyful dancing. The circle being formed, a couple step forward and commence the dance, which is carried on with much animation; and having exhausted all their agility and address, they are relieved by another pair who advance from the opposite parts of the circle, and this in continued succession, until the whole group is completely wearied. Their various movements and attitudes, grotesque and uncouth as they are, harmonize with the wild and plaintive measure of the song. A full chorus accompanied by the notes of a rude five stringed lyre, produces a very pleasing effect.

**Slaves.**—When a ship arrives after a long interval of trade, six weeks generally elapse before the slaves come down to the coast. The brokers have to notify her arrival to their respective bushmen or inland traders, who reside at the great slave mart in the interior of the country; and to whom they must send suitable presents previous to any negotiation. By all accounts, the slaves are so reconciled to their unhappy lot, that they evince very little concern at the final separation of their friends and country; but this, without any want of natural affection, may be the consequence of living continually under the apprehension of such an event; nor do the friends on their part testify a greater degree of sorrow; this perhaps, partly arises from a consideration of individual safety to themselves, conjoined with causes unknown to us. We do hear that the wretched victims are feelingly alive to their lamentable situation; but let us recollect, that fortitude and contempt of suffering, are among the greatest virtues of the savage mind.

## LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MAURICE D'ARBOUR.

High-ways and By-ways; or Tales of the Road-side. London. 1823.

An interesting work, under the above title, has just issued from the press. It professes to contain tales picked up by the road-side in the French provinces, by a Pedestrian Tourist, and, with much vivacity, boldness, and fidelity, brings under our view scenes of a very singular character. The tales may be fictitious, but they bear the stamp of truth and nature; they may be true, but they carry with them all the fascinations of romance. On these our limits will not permit us at present to enter; but the following account of the wanderings of the author and his dog in "The Landes," (a sandy desert bordering on the Bay of Biscay) will be found well entitled to the attention of the curious. Having lost his dog, he says: "I calculated on falling in with some straggling village or hut, where I might repose for the night, if I found it impracticable to reach La Teste, a little town on the coast, to which I was more immediately bound. As I relapsed into my reverie, I forgot myself again; and I sauntered onwards in this mood until the scene had sunk in a misty and threatening sky. The earth was overhung with clouds, and a wind of evil omen swept gloomily across the desert, and shook the branches of the dark tall pines. I began now, in good earnest, to look about me, and increasing my speed in a straightforward direction, I reached, in about half an hour, the extremity of the wood in which I had so long wandered. My path opened out into an almost boundless plain, but I saw at first no habitation nor living object, I felt excessively fatigued,

from the heavy sandy soil, through which I had all day laboured. I was also a second time hungry, and I had beside some inquietudes for Ranger. Those woods abound with wolves; and if night had actually closed in, before I got to shelter, we might both have been in jeopardy.

While I thus communed with myself, I marked on the dusky horizon, two figures of gigantic height, which I at first thought two isolated fir trees bending to the blast; but their motion soon betrayed them to be no inanimate production, as with long and rapid strides they were quickly crossing the waste. Determined to bring them to, I discharged one barrel of my gun. They stopped; and as I concluded that they turned towards me, I quickly fired off the other, and then shouted with all my might, at the same time making towards them. They perceived me, and strided to meet me, with a speed at once ridiculous and appalling; and I may safely say, that since Gulliver was in Brobdingnag, no traveller had reason to think less of himself. As they approached, I saw them to be men mounted on monstrously high stilts, and I then recollect the accounts I had read and heard of the shepherds of the Landes. These were the first specimens which had come within my observation; and I had, in my abstraction, quite forgotten what I might so naturally have looked for.

When these singular beings neared me, I discerned every particular detail of their appearance and costume. The latter was composed of a coarse woollen jacket and breeches, loose at the knees. A round worsted cap such as is worn by the Aberdeenshire shepherd, was placed on the head. Long masses of lank, black, hair flowed over the shoulders, covered with a cloak of sheep skin. Their legs were defended with rude gaiters of the same, and an uncouth caricature of sandals was fastened to their feet. They both carried long poles, to aid their march and keep them steady; and they each actually held in their clumsy hands a coarse stocking, and a set of knitting rods (I cannot call them needles); thus putting art and industry in the only light in which they could appear a mockery. They were both about the middle-age, if I might form a judgment from their bushy beards and furrowed cheeks; but as to their dispositions, capabilities, or propensities (which some theorists are so fond of discovering at a glance,) I could not even guess. They had faces fit for the study of Lavater: no one else could have made any thing of them.

When they came near me, they made a full stop. I accosted them in French, and asked if they would direct me to an inn, which I understood was some where in those parts? A negative shake of the head was their reply. I next demanded if I was near La Teste? The answer was repeated. I then begged them to inform me, whether there was any cottage at hand, where I might obtain shelter? A positive 'No' seemed shaken from each silent head.

I thought this the acme of inhospitality, and so unlike what I had met hitherto in the country, that I could scarcely credit my senses; but the immoveable and petrifying unsociability of the faces I gazed on confirmed the worst, and I wished for a moment that I were with a couple of Bedouin Arabs on their native deserts. During our short conversation, of which I had all the words, and they the eloquence (as far it lies in action) I could not trace a change of muscle, or variation of expression in their countenances. To finish the fruitless and uncomfortable conference, I rather abruptly asked where I was? A silent shake of the head left me as wise as before.

It was not till then that I began to suspect, what my intelligent readers will, by this time, no doubt, be sure of—that the poor shepherds did not comprehend one word of my discourse. No sooner did

this notion strike me, than I strung together such words of Gascon as I had picked up, during my sojourn in the Peirigord; but it was now quite as useless as French had been; and I had a new proof of the truth, that in this part of France each district has its own patois perfectly distinct, and scarcely to be understood by the inhabitants of parts almost adjacent. I was at length reduced to that universal and natural language, in which fingers supply the use of tongues, and gestures that of sounds. I pointed out, by every possible intimation, my wants of eating and repose. Bless your bright intellects! thought I, as one of them gave me a significant assenting nod, which was silently echoed by the mate of his companion. They then muttered something to each other; and, fulfilling the strict forms of decent etiquette, they advanced in mincing strides, beckoning me to follow their guidance. Ranger and I gladly took the hint. Our conductors moderated their pace; we increased ours, and thus contrived to produce a harmony of movement.

As we went on, in a westwardly direction, the wind blew fiercely, but not freshly, in our faces. It was hot and smothering. The labouring skies seemed preparing to discharge their overloaded breasts, and distant thunder rolled along the horizon, still reddened by the departed sun. The masses of clouds which came upon the earth quickly shut out the day, and rose at opposite extremities into huge mountains of vapour. They were illuminated by fitful flashes of lightning, and looked like giant batteries erected in the heavens. As they rushed onwards from the west, they shot down vivid streams, which at times pierced to the very earth, like quivering blades of fire. Again the electric fluid took a horizontal direction through the skies; and its dazzling streak fluttered like a radiant streamer, till it lost itself among the clouds. Darkness came on with a suddenness such as I had never before observed, and the gusts of wind were terrific. They swept across the waste like floods of air, lashing the sands like waves, and bearing down all before them. Every single-standing tree within our sight was shivered into atoms; but the crash, when these whirlwinds met the opposition of the pine woods, baffles description. It appeared as if whole chasms were rent away in the forest; and between each blast we heard the howling of the wolves, terrified at the storm, or probably wounded by the shattered branches, and angry with the element, which must have dashed them at intervals to the earth.

As for me, my guides and my poor dog, we were in the opening of the tempest repeatedly thrown to the ground. The shepherds were early obliged to quit their stilts, and I found them in every way, on a level with me. Their experience furnished them no resource that I had not at hand: and when at length a desperate gust whirled us round like spinning-tops, I flung myself prostrate on the sands; one hand encircling Ranger, who clung trembling to my bosom, and the other grasping the stem of a newly shattered fir tree. The shepherds followed my example, and throughout the whole scene showed less presence of mind than stupid apathy.

This magnificent and awful war of nature continued about twenty minutes. The wind then dropped suddenly still, as if forced from the heavens by the torrents of rain which poured upon us. We raised ourselves up, and the shepherds pursued their course. They mounted again upon their stilts, and I followed their track. Reiterated claps of thunder burst directly over our heads, and the broad lightnings gleamed in liquid sheets through the sea of rain which every cloud cast down. I was nearly overpowered with fatigue, for the wet sand was to me almost impassable; while my

wooden-legged companions found but little obstruction from it. My delight may then be imagined, when I saw them stop suddenly before a house, which the darkness of the night prevented my observing, till we were actually against its wall."

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

Books.

## THE ITALIAN WIFE, A TRAGEDY.

A dramatic production, with the above title, has appeared at Edinburgh, which the London critics speak of as indicating talent, that, in maturity, may enable the writer to hold a respectable rank in the literary world. The tragedy is formed on the model of the writers of Charles the Second's time. The scene is laid in Italy; but the hint of the plot, as the author informs us, has been taken from the romantic old English tale of Rosamund of Woodstock. The other incidents, he adds, are purely imaginary, although many stories of a description not very dissimilar are to be found scattered through the obscure annals of the petty Italian principalities. The following is the fable:—

Ignatio, son to the Duke of Florence, an amiable Prince, but very deficient in firmness of character, consents, for political reasons, to a marriage with Leonora, the beautiful but haughty daughter of a neighbouring Potentate. Count Beltran, the cousin and former lover of the Princess, is the villain of the Drama. He attends the Court of Florence on the festive occasion in order to watch his opportunity for revenge. Unhappily he soon finds it. Frankendall, an officer in his confidence, who is sincerely attached to him, discovers that Ignatio has been much in the habit of retiring privately to a beautiful villa, nominally the property of his friend and favourite Giovanni, and where Beltran himself had once caught a glimpse of a Lady so exquisitely beautiful that he found great difficulty in tearing himself away from her. This is ascertained to be Eulalia, the beloved of Ignatio, whom he had privately married. The Count finds no difficulty in kindling the fire of jealousy in the bosom of Leonora, who learns, by his means, that her husband intends a secret visit to her rival on the evening when a grand entertainment is given in honour of their nuptials. She arrives before him, and offers the unfortunate Eulalia the choice of dagger or poison. Her victim makes choice of the latter. Ignatio, on his arrival, finding her dead, drains the contents of the cup, and falls by her side. His father and Giovanni enter, and afterwards Beltran and Frankendall. Beltran is struck with the resemblance which Eulalia's features bear to those of his mother, and on examining the corpse, finds it to be that of his own sister. Giovanni is sent to bring in Eulalia's child. The Prince forgives the now distracted murderer of his wife, embraces and blesses his son, and dies. The Duke ratifies the pardon of Beltran, and the curtain drops.

Several extracts are given, as specimens of the talent of the writer; but we have only room for the following description of Eulalia in her retirement:—

"There she sprung

Pre-eminent in grace, in form, in lustre,  
Like some stray seedling which the winds have wafted  
Far from the garden of its parent flowers,  
A solitary bud."

When the guests are hastening to the banquet, Beltran walks to his window, and thus soliloquizes:—

"The windows are all light; unnumber'd feet  
Follow the glittering torches, as they gleam  
Perpetual through the marble courts; loud voices  
Of mirth, haughty than their haughty masters,  
Mix with the bursts of music that peal forth  
Whene'er a portal's open; then both, anon,  
Are drawn'd amid the clash of prancing hoofs,  
Indignant of the rein. Plume follows plume;  
And escort follows escort. 'Tis a scene

Where may a heart beats high, But could they view  
The instant, breath of all this splendid tiring;  
The envied darkness, and the night; the discord  
Waving their torches in conflict, rage;  
The bitter griefs that years for solitudes;  
The hopes struck down, the gnawing of despair;  
The treacheries, the jealousies; the fears;  
"I would make the sun that clamours here below,  
Seem peaceful as the barefoot hermits haunt,  
Compared with such a hell."

Frankendall's description of Eulalia's residence is picturesque:—

"Above the city, where the river idles  
And spreads itself through many a tufted island,  
And the commingling boughs and wanton blossoms  
Stoop to the lucid pools to kiss themselves,  
Like children o'er a mirror, or young maid's  
O' the bridal morn, who laugh at their own blushes.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Tis a sweet scene; whether at languid noon,  
When the still current, 'mid the varied islets,  
Seems clas'd with fairy gold; or at still midnight,  
When the bright moon besilvers the glass'd waters,  
And in them views herself with more delight  
Than e'er she did in her Endymion's eyes  
Upon hush'd Latmus' peak.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Just like the villa fronts the spreading stream,  
Midway, upon an isle, there stands a temple,  
Minerva's call'd."

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a cottage on the further brink,  
Bosom'd in wood, on which as arched walk  
Leads only."

## AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

PARK THEATRE, every evening; performance to commence at half past 7 o'clock. Boxes \$1, Pit 75 cents, gallery 50 cents.

CIRCUS, BROADWAY, every evening; performance to commence at half past 7 o'clock. Boxes 50 cents, Pit 25 cents, children under 10 years of age admitted to the boxes with families at 25 cents.

PAVILION THEATRE, CHATHAM GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 25 cents.

CIRCUS, RICHMOND HILL GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 37½ cents.

VAUXHALL GARDENS; Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday; admission 25 cents.

WASHINGTON THEATRE, COLUMBIAN GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at 8 o'clock; admission 12½ cents.

AMERICAN MUSEUM, Park; admission 25 cents.

PAFF'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, Broadway; admission 25 cents.

MECHANICAL PANORAMA, Broadway; admission 25 cents.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### MEMOIR OF RICHARD EARLON, ESQ.

This distinguished artist was the son of Mr. Richard Earlom, who for many years held the situation of Vestry-clerk of the parish of St. Sepulchre, London. Mr. Earlom's residence was in Cow-lane, Smithfield, and a portion of the premises which he held were occupied by an eminent coachmaker, to whom the state-coach of the Lord Mayor was occasionally taken to be repaired and cleaned. The allegorical paintings which decorate that splendid vehicle, and which were painted by the celebrated Cipriani, powerfully attracted the attention of young Earlom, who, at length, attempted to draw copies of several subjects represented on the panels. He so far succeeded, as to induce his father to place him under the tuition of Cipriani, to whom, at the same time, the ingenious Mortimer was a pupil. Here Mr. Earlom acquired a mastery in the arts of design, and soon after became known to the late illustrious Alderman Boydell. Mr. Boydell commenced that noble career, which proved so beneficial to the Arts, and so honourable to himself, about the year 1760; and, in 1765, he entertained so high an opinion of the abilities of our young artist, that he engaged him to make drawings from the celebrated collection of pictures at Houghton, most of which, also, were afterwards beautifully engraved by him in mezzotinto. In this branch of art Mr. Earlom had been his own instructor, and he introduced into the prac-

tice of it improvements and implements before unknown. An oval print, called "Love in Bondage," after Guido Reni, was the first print he engraved, and this was published by Mr. Boydell in 1767. Mr. Earlom's fruit and flower pieces, after Van Huysum, have established his fame as the first in his line. In History, "Agrippina," from the grand picture of Mr. West, requires only to be noticed. Many of his fine works were also done for Mr. Sayer, of Fleet-street, and his successors Messrs. Laurie and Whittle; among these were the prints of the "Cock-match at Lucknow," the "Embassy of Hyderbeck to meet Lord Cornwallis," and the Tiger-hunt, in the East Indies, all from the pencil of Mr. Zoffany. Mr. Earlom's first and second part of the "Liber Veritatis," after drawings by Claude, are beautiful as to scenery and effect. This work is comprised in 3 vols. and contains 300 plates. Mr. Earlom died in London, on the 6th of October last, in the 80th year of his age.

### ROSSINI THE ITALIAN MUSICIAN.

Very few persons have enjoyed so much fame and popularity during their lifetime as this celebrated Italian. His countrymen will scarcely listen to any other music. The *Journal de Bologna* counted in 1819 seventeen theatres in Italy, upon which his operas were performing at the same moment, and seven out of Italy, including London, Vienna, Berlin, &c. Upon this occasion Rossini was heard to say "Sono il più giovine e il più fortunato dei maestri." He is not backward in boasting of his glory, and has a great enjoyment of his honours; but when it is considered that he has been the darling of a whole nation ever since he was eighteen (for at that age he had made himself eminent) and that he was caressed wherever he went, especially by the ladies, some of whom have been passionately fond of him,—it would be a gross affectation in him to pretend an unconsciousness of his own merits. He is, himself, like his music, vivacious and voluptuous, so passionately fond of social amusements, that he drives off his work to the last moment, and then does a great portion of it surrounded by his friends. His facility in composition is indeed extraordinary. Ricordi of Florence, the principal music-seller in Italy, who has

acquired a fortune by the sale of Rossini's works, relates of him that he composed some of the finest airs in *La Gazza Ladra* in the space of an hour, in a room at the back of his shop, and in the midst of the confused cries of twelve or fifteen music copiers, some of whom were dictating aloud to others the music they had to note. As for those *romances*, or whining love songs, upon which some composers found their reputation, Rossini would think nothing of making ten or a dozen of them while dressing to go out. When the *Ricordi* of Bologna reproached him with neglecting the grammatical rules of harmony in his compositions, he excused himself thus:—"I have but six weeks to compose an opera: the first month is devoted to dissipation and pleasure; and it is only during the last fortnight that I compose every morning a duetto or an air, which is to be rehearsed that very evening; how then will you have me perceive the minute errors in the accompaniments?" With all his popularity, the pay that Rossini obtained would seem contemptible to many an English music-master. Forty pounds were as much as he got for an opera, before he was engaged by the director of the San Carlo at Naples to compose three operas annually, at a salary less than £400 a year. The value of money is however much greater in Italy than with us; and should be mentioned to the honour of Rossini, that he was in the habit of remitting two-thirds of his gains to his poor father and mother—the latter of whom, by the way, was

the only person, it is said, to whom he was ever known to write letters, which (with a very pardonable vanity, if not rather an amiable sentiment) he always addressed—*All, Illustrissima Signora Rossini, Madre de celebre maestro, in Pesaro.*" Rossini is now only 32 years of age: he was a very handsome young man."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.  
CAMPBELL.

### THE CAPUCHIN CHAPEL.

Though not professing to be connoisseurs in the fine arts, we feel ourselves noways wanting in good wishes for their advancement to a state of purity and excellence, which the honour of our country and pride for our scientific institutions demand. With these sentiments we beg to call the attention of the public towards a truly meritorious production, now exhibiting in Broadway, entitled the *Capuchin Chapel*, painted by Sully.—Delighted as we were with its optical delusion, we should refrain from committing our judgment on its merits, if we were not sanctioned by the concurrent sentiments of professional gentlemen in pronouncing it one of the most happy and successful efforts of the pencil which has been exhibited in this city. The painter has candidly forewarned the public that it is a copy; and we recollect there were others of the same title, *not copies*, exhibited here a year or two ago:—one in the great Rotunda, Chatham-street, which was condemned as a piratical, bungling concern, and some apology offered for its defects by stating that it had been done from *recollection*; a circumstance which caused us to mingle our regret with many others, that the conductors of that grand edifice, raised by public munificence, should give countenance to such spurious productions.

The other picture was shown in a room near the Hospital, Broadway, dignified also by the appellation of *Rotunda*. This picture was a copy of the former, and, of course, might be expected from a poor copy of a bad copy—a wretched exhibition—yet many went to see it.

There surely must be a fault somewhere, that our Academy and public institutions should so far fail in the purpose for which they were founded—"to give a due direction to public taste"—as to suffer quackery and imposition to thrive on public patronage, to the detriment of their own interest and characters. Let us hope for a change, to effect which we here invite communications from professional men, tending to throw such light on the subject as may check the growing evil. Meanwhile we would observe that the present picture of the *Capuchin Chapel* by Sully, is truly deserving of public patronage, and we are confident its visitors will not go away disappointed. If our public institutions could obtain copies of the great masters, by painters like Sully, we might felicitate them on the possession of such works of excellence, as would conduce to our improvement, without incurring the expense of originality, which is too often enhanced by the pride and caprice of fashion.

### VELOCITY OF THE EARTH'S MOTION.

A letter appears in a late number of the *London Mirror*, subscribed C. H. Adams, in which the writer states, though he does not say on what authority, that an error has hitherto prevailed among astronomers, as to the computation of the velocity with which our earth is carried round the sun's orbit. This error, he remarks, has arisen by taking the earth's distance from the sun at 195,000,000 miles, instead of 95,000,000; being a

difference in the radius of 100,000,000 miles. Assuming this calculation to be correct, he remarks:—The distance of the sun from the earth is 95,000,000 miles, which being the radius of the earth's orbit, we have its diameter 190,000,000 miles, and taking Van Ceulen's proportion, which I considered to be sufficiently accurate for this purpose, i. e. as 1 : 3,141,593 : : 190,000,000 : 596,902,670, the circumference of the earth's orbit; now as the earth completes its revolution in about 365 days, we find that in one day it moves through the space 1,635,354 miles, in an hour through 68,140 miles, in a minute 1136 miles, and in the short space of one second it moves through 19 miles. Perhaps it may not be considered altogether uninteresting to enlarge rather upon this subject, by giving the hourly motion of the principal planets, by which it will be seen that those nearest their centre of gravity move fastest; hence the inferior planets, Mercury and Venus, will move at a greater rate than the earth, and the superior planets will move slower, their hourly motion is as follows: Mercury 95,000 miles, Venus 69,000, Mars 47,000, Jupiter 25,000, Saturn 18,000, and Uranus 15,381 miles in an hour.

On the Use of the Whiskers in Feline and other Animals. By S. D. Broughton, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. London.

IT may not, perhaps, be generally known that, as far as they have been tried, the whiskers which adorn the upper lip in tigers, panthers, leopards, cats, seals, &c. are very copiously supplied with nerves; and although in a manner which precludes the possibility of our considering them as merely ornamental appendages.

After macerating the head of a stout cat, and carefully dissecting the face under clear water, I could distinctly trace large branches of nerves pervading the fatty cushions on which the whiskers grow, and sending separately to each bulb or root a filament of the size of a strong thread. These appeared to come from the second branch of the fifth pair, and they were lost in the substance of the bristle. In the Hunterian Museum of the College of Surgeons, a similar development of nerves is exhibited in the seal. So large and particular a distribution of an exquisitely sensible nerve, it is reasonable to suppose, must be for the purpose of some sensible function. To ascertain this, I put it to the test of experiment, in the following manner:

I placed walls of books upon the floor, so as to resemble the streets of a town opening into each other; and, having closed the eyes of a kitten completely, I set it down to find its way through the lanes of books. It continued to move on wherever a free communication presented itself, holding its head cautiously down close to the floor, and very adroitly avoiding contact with the sides of the walls, the corners of which it also turned without approaching closer than just sufficient to touch the tips of the whiskers slightly, when it always drew back instantaneously. At length it found its way out freely; and I then cut off the whole of the whiskers close to the face, and again set it down, to observe whether this would produce any alteration in its manner. The kitten now shewed evident signs of having lost the only remaining means of guiding itself. It struck its head repeatedly against the sides of the walls, ran against all the corners, and tumbled over steps placed in its way, instead of avoiding all these as before the removal of the whiskers.

Not the slightest sensation of pain appeared to attend the cutting of the bristles; I should therefore suppose that their substance is insensible, and that it carries on the impressions it receives by

vibration, their sensation being propagated through the nerves inserted in the bulbs of the bristles. In the mouse, I found also a similar developement of nerves, proportionably large, in relation to its whiskers.

From these facts, I imagine that certain animals are supplied with whiskers for the purpose of enabling them to steer clear of opposing bodies in the dark. The mammalia, having lips and considerable facial developement, are probably furnished with these bristles, or fine tubes of a compact substance, which, whilst they readily yield to pressure, convey the impression and excite the simple sensation of a contact: just as the antennæ of the sepiæ, the lobster, the snail, insects, &c. are to all appearance constructed, for the purposes of the sense of touch.

Animals which seize their prey by night, and such as explore dark passages, are furnished with whiskers. The bat is supposed to avoid walls and houses by the exquisite sensibility of its wings: it seems, however, probable that it is indebted for its safety in this respect to its whiskers, or feelers, as they may be termed.

On the Motions of the Eye, in illustration of the Uses of the Orbit. By Charles Bell, Esq.

At a meeting of the Royal Society of London, on the 29th March last, a paper was read from Mr. Charles Bell, in which the author shows that there are motions performed by the eye not hitherto noticed. Every time the eyelids descend to cover the transparent part of the eye, the eyeball ascends, or suffers a revolving motion. If this were not the case, the surface of the eye would not be moistened, nor freed from offensive particles. He proves, that when we fall asleep, the eye ball is turned up, and the cornea lodges secure and moistened by the tears, under cover of the upper eyelid. He shows that these motions are rapid and insensible, and that they are provided for the safe guard of the eye. The other motions are voluntary, and for the purpose of directing the eye to objects. He then proceeds to the examination of the muscles of the eyeball, distinguishing them, as usual, into the straight and oblique muscles. It has been supposed, hitherto, that both these classes of muscles were voluntary; some describing the oblique muscles as coadjutors of the recti, and others as opponents to the recti; but Mr. Bell maintains that the obliqui are provided for the insensible motions of the eyeball, and the recti for those motions which are directed by the will, and of which we are conscious.

He proceeds to show, that the consciousness of the action of the recti muscles, gives us the conception of the place or relation of objects. He then proves by observation and experiment, that the actions of the straight muscles are inseparably connected with the activity of the retina; that is, with the enjoyment of the sense of vision: but that the moment the vision is unexercised, the eyeball is given up to the operation of the oblique muscles, and the pupil is consequently drawn up under the eyelid. Hence, the eyes are elevated in sleep, in faintness, and on the approach of death; and that distortion which we compassionate as the expression of agony, is the consequence merely of approaching insensibility.

#### MINERVA MEDICA.

Experiments relative to Yellow Fever by M. Guyon, at Fort-Royal, Martinique.

1. June 18th, 1822, he took the shirt of a soldier affected with yellow fever, which was completely soaked (*toute imbibée*) in the sweat of the patient, put it on immediately, and wore it for twenty-four hours. At the same time he was

inoculated in both arms, by M. Cuppé, surgeon of the marines, with the yellow matter, from blisters in a state of suppuration.

2. June 30th, M. Guyon drank a small glass holding about two ounces of the *black vomit*; and afterwards, having rubbed both arms with the same matter, was inoculated with it by M. Cuppé.

3. July 1st. A patient having died of yellow fever on the fifth day of the disease, M. Guyon put on his shirt, impregnated with black matter still warm, and immediately went into the bed of the deceased, which was soiled with various excrements. He remained six hours and a half, sweated, and slept in it, in presence of many witnesses.

4. July 2. The patient who had afforded the opportunity of making the first experiment having died, his body was opened. The stomach contained a pretty large quantity of black matter, of a bloody appearance; and the internal membrane was red and inflamed. M. Guyon was again inoculated in both arms with this matter, and the punctures were covered with portions of the diseased stomach. The applications were removed twenty-four hours after: the inoculated parts were inflamed and painful, and the axillary glands somewhat tumefied.

During the performance of these experiments, M. Guyon enjoyed uninterrupted health, which took place before numerous witnesses, and the authenticity of which is guaranteed by the signature of M. Donzelot, lieutenant-general and governor.—(*Revue Medicale*, Fevrier 1823.)

Remarkable Fact relative to the non-contagion of the Yellow Fever.—A young Englishman, who arrived at St. Thomas's the preceding year, with a young and beautiful countrywoman whom he had secretly married, was attacked by the yellow fever. When the disease was at its height, and the symptoms of inevitable death became apparent, the young woman, in despair, and determined not to survive the object of her affections, undressed herself entirely, and placed herself by the side of her dying husband in bed, embracing his body. She remained for ten hours in this situation, and was with difficulty removed after he had breathed his last. She did not experience the slightest symptoms of the disease.—(*Revue Enc.* Jan. 1823.)

Treatment of Dysentery.—Prof. Wendt, physician to the General Hospital of Copenhagen, has lately made trial of the *Triumfetta Semitriloba* in dysentery, and reports very favourably of its effects. It is used in the form of a decoction, which is mucilaginous, without any degree of astringency or bitterness. It is likewise employed as a domestic remedy in the West Indies, and is said to prove efficacious when all other medicines have failed.

Calcareous Concretions in the Veins.—Several ancient as well as modern authors have related instances where small stones have been found in the veins. In addition to the examples already recorded, Dr. F. Tiedman, of Heidelberg, relates that he has frequently met with them in the veins of the bladder, the uterus, the vagina, and the rectum. They are found in both sexes, especially persons of a middle and advanced age; seldom in young people, and never in children. According to the chemical analysis of Professor Gmelin, these stones consist chiefly of phosphate and carbonate of lime, mixed with animal matter: they do not contain any uric acid whatever. Dr. T. believes that these vein-concretions are formed from the blood itself, in the cavities of the varicose veins. Whether they are likely to excite any particular morbid effects on the human constitution,—a circumstance which

would be very useful to know,—has not yet been sufficiently ascertained.

*Curious Affection of the Heart.*—Dr. Fisher, of Hildburghausen, relates a case of disease of the heart, in which both the patient himself and also the bystanders, among whom was a physician, could distinctly hear the beating of that organ for six or eight weeks previous to death. They were not only sensible of the noise in the region of the heart, but, on feeling the pulse at the same time, it was observed that the pulsations were simultaneous with it. This noise had a great resemblance to the croaking of a frog, and it could be heard easily at the distance of five or six paces from the patient. On examination after death, the auriculum dextrum and the vena cava ascendens were found dilated to a considerable size. The right ventricle contained a firm polypus, of about an inch in breadth; one division of which protruded into the auriculum dextrum, the other into the arteria pulmonalis.—(*Medizinisch Chirurgische Zeitung*.)

*Croup cured by Sulphate of Copper.*—Dr. H. Hofmann recommends cuprum sulphureum as an excellent remedy in croup, especially after blood-letting. In slight cases, he begins with giving from one quarter to half a grain every two hours. In those cases, however, where there is also laryngitis or bronchitis, three, four, or more grains are administered, so as to excite instant vomiting: by so doing, the Doctor thinks that not only the lymph is expelled from the trachea, but also that the further secretion of it is prevented, so that the patient is very much relieved, and soon cured. After copious vomiting has been produced, the medicine is to be given in doses, in conjunction with digitalis. In support of the utility of the above practice, Dr. H. affirms that he has employed it with the greatest success during a period of ten years, in a great number of children affected by the croup, without ever having lost a single patient in that time; notwithstanding the disease was often at its height when he was first called in.—(*Hufeland's Journal*.)

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

*Gas Lighting.*—Mr. Peckston has in the press a new edition of the “Theory and Practice of Gas Lighting,” in which he has considerably abridged the theoretical part of the work as given in the first edition; and to render it as useful as possible to every practical man, there is introduced much original matter relative to coal gas, and an entirely new treatise on the economy of the gases obtained for illuminating purposes from oil, turf, &c.

*New invented Rockets.*—Sir William Congreve lately exhibited to Lord Melville and other distinguished persons, at Gillingham, near Chatham, the effects of some new invented rockets, called *anchor rockets*. A small anchor is affixed to the head of one of the largest species of rockets, so that it can be thrown across a river, or to a considerable distance, with a rope attached to it, and the anchor fixes itself firmly in the ground. The experiments succeeded perfectly.

*Natural History.*—Mr. Donovan, of London, proceeds regularly with his *New Monthly Miscellany of Exotic Natural History*, entitled the *Naturalist's Repository*. The design of this work is to illustrate, in a pleasing and appropriate manner, the most beautiful, scarce, and curious objects of Natural History, in every department of nature, that have recently been discovered in various parts of the world, and more especially such novelties as, from their extreme rarity,

remain entirely undescribed, or have not been duly noticed by any preceding Naturalist. The descriptions, which are calculated for the scientific as well as general reader, are throughout accompanied with coloured plates of great beauty and fidelity.

*Dobereiner's Apparatus for making Extracts.*—This apparatus serves to extract, by means of water, alcohol, or ether, the soluble substances from any substance to be analyzed, in quantities from ten up to 200 grains. It is composed of a tube of glass, from four to nine lines in diameter, and from four to nine inches long. The tube is closed below by a cork, to which is adapted a small tube open at both ends. This, except that its upper extremity is covered with a piece of muslin, communicates with the large tube. The substance to be operated upon is put into the large tube, about half filling it, and the solvent is then put in over it. A small glass bulb, proportionate in size to the quantity of solvent used, is then emptied of air by heating a few drops of alcohol in it, and immediately attached by a tight cork to the lower end of the small tube. The whole apparatus is then set aside in a cool place: as the alcohol vapour condenses, a vacuum is produced, and the pressure of the air in the large tube forces the fluid through the substance to be operated upon in the bulb. In a few minutes the extraction is complete; the bulb is then removed, its contents taken out, the air in it again displaced, and the operation repeated: or, if necessary, the fluid is left in contact with the substance some time before it is made to pass from it into the bulb.

*New Form of the Voltaic Apparatus.*—Mr. Pepys has constructed, at the London Institution, a single coil of copper and zinc plate, consisting of two sheets of the metals, each fifty feet long by two feet broad having therefore a surface of 200 square feet; they are wound round a wooden centre, and kept apart by pieces of hair-line, interposed at intervals between the plates. This voltaic coil is suspended by a rope, and counterpoise over a tub of dilute acid, into which it is plunged when used. It gives not the slightest electrical indications to the electrometer; indeed, its electricity is of such low intensity that well-burned charcoal acts as an insulator to it; nor does the quantity of electricity appear considerable, for it with difficulty ignites one inch of platinum wire of  $\frac{1}{16}$  inch diameter. When, however, the poles are connected by a copper wire  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch diameter and 8 inches long, it becomes hot, and is rendered most powerfully magnetic, and the instrument is admirably adapted for all electro-magnetic experiments.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

*The Baya, or Indian Gross-Beak.*—The Indian Gross-Beak is a bird exceedingly common in Hindostan: he is astonishingly sensible, faithful, and docile, never voluntarily deserting the place where his young were hatched, nowise averse, like most other birds, to the society of mankind, and easily taught to perch on the hand of his master. In a state of nature he generally builds his nest on the highest tree that he can find, especially on the Palmyra, or on the Indian fig-tree; and he prefers that which happens to overhang a well or a rivulet: he makes it of grass, which he weaves like cloth, and shapes like a large bottle, suspending on the branches, but so as to rock with the wind; and placing it with its entrance downwards, to secure it from birds of prey. This nest usually consists of two or three chambers; and it is the popular belief that he lights them with fire-flies, which he catches alive at night, and confines them with moist clay, or with cow-

dung. That such flies are often found in his nest, where pieces of cow-dung are also stuck, is indubitable: but, as their light would be of little use to him, it seems probable that he only feeds on them. He may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper, or any small thing that his master points out to him. It is an attested fact, that, if a ring be dropped into a deep well, and a signal given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted, that, if a house or any other place be shown to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately, on a proper signal being made. One instance of his docility may be mentioned with confidence: The young Hindoo women at Benares and in other places, wear very thin plates of gold, called ticas, slightly fixed, by way of ornament, between their eye-brows; and when they pass through the streets, it is not uncommon for the youthful libertines, who amuse themselves with training Bayas, to give them a sign, which they understand, and send them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of their mistresses, which they bring in triumph to their lovers.

*Tailor Bird.*—The Tailor Bird is particularly remarkable for the art with which it constructs its nest. This bird is of a yellow colour, not exceeding three inches in length, and slender in proportion. To prevent the possibility of its little nest being shaken down, it contrives to attach it in such a manner to the leaves of the tree, that both must stand or fall together. The nest is formed of leaves which it picks up from the ground; and it contrives, by means of its slender bill and some fine fibres, which it uses as needle and thread, to sew these leaves to those growing on the tree with great dexterity. Hence it receives the name of the tailor bird. The lining, which consists of down, adds little to the weight of the nest, which is scarcely felt on the twig that supports it.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MY JOURNAL.

Mr. Editor—I have long been in the habit of preserving a book, in which I note all the incidents and reflections, all the joys and sorrows of the day. I have derived many advantages from this. It has been as it were the friend into whose faithful bosom I have poured all my secrets, and I can almost live over again those little adventures of pleasure and pain, of smiles and tears, that vary and give interest to the lives of men. It is there that I can look through the vista of past time. I can trace my progress through life. I am brought again into scenes which are rich with pleasing and hallowed associations. The fitful gleams of sunshine that will at times brighten the darkest life, still reflect their calm mellowed light upon me from its pages; and many a dear scene which would have fled into the darkness of oblivion, is arrested in its course, and by the aid of my Journal I can

"With giant grasp fling back the folds of night,  
And bring the faithless fugitive to light."

I was the other evening, Mr. Editor, looking over this, to me, most interesting work, when some sketches of my first visit to Philadelphia caught my eye, and I determined to submit them to your notice.

It was a fair morning in summer, says my Journal; the eastern sky was just brightening into day, and the birds were already warbling their welcome to the sun, when I left my pillow to prepare for a trip to Philadelphia. The morning was pretty well advanced as the steam-boat left the shore. My friend waved his

handkerchief in token of farewell, the boat glided swiftly onward, the land became more and more imperceptible to my view, and in a little time every trace of the city was gone but a cloud of dust and smoke, that hovered over the spot on which it stood.

I imagined I was setting off for the great eastern world. I thought of hardships yet to come; of roaring winds and foaming waves. I pictured to myself "the mighty monsters of the deep;" the dolphin, the shark, the whale, and perhaps the sea serpent. The creaking of cables and the halloos of the seamen, seemed to ring in mine ear as I leaned in deep reverie against the railing of the boat; and I know not to what extent my musings might have carried me, had they not been strangely interrupted by the captain, who politely reminded me that I had not paid him my fare. Now this was certainly very provoking, to be dragged back from such a bold flight of fancy as a voyage to Europe, from all the mighty wonders of the *Atlantis*, by such a paltry duty as the payment of four dollars. Oh, Mr. Editor, it was "most horrible." If he had only waited until I had been wasted, in imagination, to that land I had so long and so ardently wished to see; if he had permitted me to have had even one fancied gaze upon those aged towers which tell of storm and battle long gone by; upon those ivied castles, around whose shadowy walls old time has flung the mantle of his grandeur; the embattlements of past ages—silent and solitary mouldering in their loneliness—changed and broken, but great in their ruins. If I could have had even one transient glimpse at one of these, I had been contented. But no; in the very midst of my delightful dream—careless alike of storms and calms—breaking, with the most perfect indifference through all the visionary beauties I had gathered around me—and just as the land of my fathers, long a blue speck in the distant sky, had faded away, and "cultur undique et undique pontus"—up came the Captain and demanded my fare. Well, I paid the Captain his *four dollars*, and turned away to get at my old subject again; but fate commanded otherwise, for I had scarcely commenced my second series of cogitations, when I was startled by a sudden confusion which seemed to spread itself like electricity over every one on deck; every foot was in motion to reach a particular part of the vessel. Many who had been composedly walking the deck, or seated calmly upon the bows, or the stern, or the seats under the awning, rushed swiftly towards the cabin-door. The gentlemen swore; the ladies screamed; and the babes (poor dear little souls) kicked and squalled most astonishingly. For a few moments I was exceedingly alarmed; for every face wore an expression of earnestness—a sort of wild and fearful anxiety—of eager hope that some object might be obtained, and of dread and horror lest their wishes should prove futile; every eye was bent forward, and every limb in exercise to help themselves along; such a jostling and pushing, and "dear me" and "bless my soul." Suffice it to say, I verily believed that we were all going to the bottom, when a gentleman, observing my astonishment, relieved my fears by informing me, that the confusion arose from the signal for breakfast. I could not but laugh at the importance of the breakfast which could put all the gentlemen in such a perspiration, and make even the ladies find the use of their elbows; but when I saw the hot rolls, and cutlets, and smoking coffee, I got a place as well as I could, and soon found my appetite evidently decrease.

We soon arrived at South Amboy, and thence took the stage to Bordentown, passing the house of Joseph Bonaparte, and in the steamboat Pennsylvania pursued our way along the windings of the Delaware.

The river in some places is very narrow. Many beautiful seats are scattered along its banks: here a tall stately building rears its high head among the broad shady oaks; a little farther, we see some pretty cottage, overhung by the willow, with vines and roses leaning in clusters around its walls—and many a light-hearted, rosy-cheeked, laughing cherub peeping from among the rich leaves, and gazing with pleasure at the long expected steamboat.

We dined on board the boat, and about eight o'clock I retired to my hotel, the description and incidents of which I will, ("provided always," as the law hath it,) with your leave, make the subject of a future essay. Yours, respectfully,

THEODORE.

#### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 12. of Vol. II. of the *MINERVA* will contain the following articles:

**POPULAR TALES.**—*Sinadab, the Son of Sazan the Physician; a Tartarian tale.*

**THE TRAVELLER.**—*Customs and Manners of the inhabitants of Africa, between Cape Lopez and Benguolo. No. III.*

**LITERATURE.**—*The trials of Margaret Lindsay, By Mr. Galt.*

**THE DRAMA.**—*The Italian Improvisatori.*

**BIOGRAPHY.**—*Memoirs of Dr. Wolcot.*

**ARTS AND SCIENCES.**—*The Natural History of the Tea-Tree. Steam Navigation to the East Indies. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

**CORRESPONDENCE.**—*The aged Lover. By Anatolio.*

**POETRY.**—*To Susan on leaving New-York, By E; To \*\*\*\*, by Amador; with other pieces.*

**GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.**

#### THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

The roses at the Linnean Garden, Flushing, Long-Island, are now in their full splendour, consisting of several hundred varieties, which comprises almost every diversity of shade and colouring. In the collection are several kinds of that description which have been denominated *Black Roses*. Access to the garden will be granted to persons of taste and scientific research.

The subscription to the stock of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal is now filled, which secures the completion of this important work.

On the 2d inst. Mr. Aaron Sherwood, of Bennington, Vt. sheared from one sheep eighteen pounds and fourteen ounces of washed wool, of a good quality, and about sixteen inches in length. The sheep was four years old this season, and weighed with the fleece on, one hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

The *Hessian Fly*, which is desolating the fields of wheat in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, is also making considerable ravages in the winter and spring grain in several of the northern counties of this state. The *Grub* is also destroying the Indian corn.

#### MARRIED,

Mr. Jabez B. Gardner to Miss Rosina Whitton.

Joseph V. Varick Esq. to Mrs. Phebe Whitlock.

Mr. Patrick Murphy to Miss Bridget Madden. Mr. Edward D. Topping to Miss Lydia Glazier.

Mr. Levi M'Keen to Miss Mary Prince. Mr. Sylvanus Rapelye to Miss Susan Van Voorhis.

Mr. Timothy Benjamin to Miss Jemina Peterson.

Mr. John I. Spear to Miss Charity Post.

Mr. George Downes to Miss Rebecca Ferris. Rev. William Ware to Miss Mary Waterhouse.

#### DIED,

Mr. William H. Hoy, aged 35.

Capt. John Funk, aged 32.

Mr. Jonas Bush.

Robert C. Hook, aged 16.

Mrs. Jane Arden, aged 39.

## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

## MIDNIGHT.

## A CONTEMPLATIVE POEM.

The following stanzas are from a MS. poem, of considerable length, by a young votary of the Muses, whose effusions have frequently graced the column of the MINERVA. We doubt not they will afford gratification to our readers.

Here then we leave this lower world and all  
That it can offer, threaten; all that we  
In other hours would pain or pleasure call;  
To raise us from the sluggish body free,  
And range through worlds which in immensity  
Lie scattered through the regions of the skies,  
The caverns of the earth, depths of the sea,  
All that is evident to our wishing eyes,  
And all that in the dark obscure of nature lies.

Or shutting out the world of sense and care,  
Thought on itself turns its own scrutiny;  
Tracing the springs which of our being, are  
The moving principles, with curious eye;  
Striving to penetrate the mystery,  
The marvelous laws, which operate through all  
Its diverse works, we know not how or why;  
Struggling to pierce the cloud, that, like a wall,  
Compels us from the search our daring thoughts to call.

Or, rising loftier still, the untrammelled mind,  
With almost disembodied speed, can roam  
Is its excursive flight, still unconfined,  
Through the wide precincts of yon wide dome,  
Which, pure as when in nature's first born bloom  
It spread at God's command its starry page,—  
Offers to daring thought a distant home,  
Where, in its bold aspiring pilgrimage,  
It seeks for its own source, design, and heritage.

See, on yon broad expanse of deepened blue,  
Planets and worlds are vying in their race,  
Of beauty and of harmony; in hue  
Ten times more beauteous than this orb, whose face  
Reflects but borrow'd light, and meager grace,  
A goodly and a glorious multitude,  
Whose numbers human wisdom could not trace,  
Were we with patriarchal lives endued,  
And ages given to life the reck'ning to conclude.

At this expansive thought how swells the soul,  
Lifts and dilates itself as if to embrace,  
In its outspreading grasp, the mighty whole,  
And purified from all earthly and base,  
To all the regions of unbounded space  
With its own presence, as if there it could,  
And only there, find fit abiding place  
For its high aspirations, which subdued,  
Finds in the world's pursuits an uncongenial food.

And leaving this dull atmosphere, to see,  
With eye and mind from those dark shadows freed  
Which dimming sight left not the spirit free,  
Upon the pinions of the blast to speed,  
To those eternal regions, and there tread  
From star to star, in plenitude of sight,  
And through those boundless realms of glory, shed  
The lustre of its fame, as 'twere the light  
Of that full orb that keeps them in their course aright.

And thus the soul will from the slumber start,  
Which steepes its higher powers, and strives to bend  
And fetter down in sleep its nobler part;  
And like the courser with strength unconfin'd  
Sped onward with the swiftness of the wind;  
But all unused to freedom, in the press  
Of danger rushing headlong—wild and blind,  
Urged on by foes, or its own mad excess,  
Changes incessant sleep for anguish merciless.

Like the exulting king of birds on high,  
Spreading his glad wings to the breath of heav'n,  
Majestically soaring to the sky  
On wings that seemed by angel sisters giv'n,  
And tinged with hues, by hands celestial grav'n,  
It mov'd so bright before the gazer's eye,  
That fancy deemed o'er tempests madly driv'n,  
So fair a form would pass unruffled by,  
And to a meeker prey, with willing mercy lie.

Alas, how vain our hopes! The tempest came;  
Storms in realms of fiery rage have birth,  
Swept through the air with all devouring flame,  
Sparing no beauty's form—nor mortal worth,  
But fiercely revelling in feelings dearth;  
Swept by their fury from his native skies,  
And rudely dashed upon the flinty earth,  
Gaspings for breath the prostrate eagle lies,  
And means away his life in mortal agonies.

For the Minerva.

## ADIEU.—TO M.—

The bark awaits me in the bay,  
That bears me far from you;  
would not go—yet must not stay—  
Adieu, dear girl, adieu!

My country calls—her clarion blew;  
She must not call in vain—  
Adieu, dear girl, a fond adieu!  
We part to meet again.

When tost upon the raging sea,  
Far, far from love and you,  
I know you'll sometimes think of me,  
And softly sigh, adieu!

Oh, wipe away that falling tear,  
And, come, thy smiles renew;  
A warrior's love should never fear—  
Adieu, dear girl, adieu!

And should we meet the foe in fight,  
You need not fear my love;  
Your image here will give me might,  
And scatheless armour prove.

But we must part—the signal blew  
That calls me to the main—  
Adieu, dear girl, a fond adieu!  
We part to meet again.

LAURENCE.

For the Minerva.

## CHILDHOOD.

Omnis tum forest, florunque coloribus alius  
Ridet ager."—Ovid.

Sweet days of my infancy! dearest of all  
That have fall'n to my piteous lot,  
Though day-dreams more bright to my future may fall,  
They visions shall ne'er be forgot.  
Though the joys of my childhood more fading did seem  
Than the blossoms of morning, which quickly decay—  
More transient to view than the meteor's gleam,  
And frail as the bubbles that float on the stream,  
Their memory shall ne'er fade away.

Blest spot of my infancy! oft will I muse  
On the scenes that encircled my home;  
They hedges, adorn'd with the wild-blooming rose,  
They paths, which allure me to roam:  
When thy cool shady groves did with music resound,  
Those melodies sweet have captured mine ear,  
As careless reclined on some grass-cover'd mound,  
I have thought if there's bliss upon earth to be found,  
I surely may taste of it here.

Dear friends of my infancy! dear to me still,  
However all else may depart;  
Fond thoughts of your kindness my bosom shall fill,  
When lonely and sad is my heart.  
Ah then I'll revert to the bright-gilded past,  
When the present no longer yields pleasure or peace,  
And reflect that although my bright sky is o'ercast,  
And I may be chilled by some merciless blast,  
Affection like yours cannot cease.

Sweet days of my infancy! dearest of all  
That have fall'n to my piteous lot,  
Though day-dreams more bright to my future may fall,  
They visions shall ne'er be forgot.  
Though the joys of my childhood more fading did seem  
Than the blossoms of morning which quickly decay,  
More transient to view than the meteor's gleam,  
And frail as the bubbles that float on the stream,  
Their memory will ne'er fade away.

June, 1823.

For the Minerva.

## RETURN OF THE SEASON.

Now spring returns, but brings no more to me  
The pleasure it was wont; each ling'ring ray  
Of hope is fled, and now I hate to see  
All nature seem so beautiful, an gay—  
Dark autumn suits me best. To sit and hear  
The howlings of the wind at midnight's hour,  
Or watch the falling leaf, an dry and sear,  
Possesses for my soul a soothin' power.  
I love its clouded skies so dark and drear,  
For there's no brightness then to mock my sight,  
With poughes of blin' and visions of delight.

Yet once I loved thee, Spring, when life was new,  
And hope wa. bright, and I believed its truth:  
I prized each picture my fond fancy drew,  
And deem'd that pleasure was the boon of youth.  
But ah! since then the chilling hand of care  
Has withered all my hopes, my joys are flown,  
And I can gaze on things so bright and fair,  
With heart unmoved as the cold marble stone.  
My soul is sunk in sullen, calm despair,  
And autumn's gloomy scenes can charm me now,  
More than the Spring's young bloom or Summer's  
ripened glow.

FLORENTHE.

## THE KISS. No. III.

'Twas a kiss full of meaning, oh could you not feel  
That it meant what the tenderest kiss should reveal?  
No, you are cold, and it could not impart  
One ray of its warmth to your icicle heart.

The kiss should have said, that my spirit had flown  
From this bosom of mine to reside in your own;  
And did it not tell you, Augusta, all this?  
Why then 'twas a lame and an impotent kiss.

The kiss should have said—for such orders were mine—  
"I came from a lip that is warmer than thine;  
From a lip that breathes nothing but kisses like me,  
And breathes them, Augusta, for no one but thee.

"I came from a heart where the spirit of love  
Resides when he leaves his pure mansion above;  
From a heart that is fraught with affection for thee,  
And dissolves into love-drops, or kisses like me.

"I was born on a sigh from a warm glowing breast,  
Where but lately I gazed on thy image impressed:  
'Twas imprinted by love, and no time can erase  
The impression he gave of thy heavenly face."

And did it not tell you, Augusta, all this?  
Why then 'twas a lame and an impotent kiss,  
Or say you are cold, and it could not impart  
One ray of its warmth to your icicle heart.

New-Orleans, 1823.

For the Minerva.

## SONG.

AIR—"The Honey-moon."

Mahomet reared a paradise,  
But would not let sweet women in;  
Though he promised endless bliss,  
His convert ranks were thin.

If the fair ever bear

Such a charm about them,  
As makes even earth a heaven,  
What were heaven without them?

Soon the prophet found the mode

To gain full many a proselyte;  
He to bless the blest abode,  
Placed there his hours bright.

If the fair &amp;c.

Thousands then came flocking round  
Their ready vows of faith to pay,  
And the wily prophet own'd

Sweet woman's potent sway.

If the fair &amp;c.

LAURENCE.

## Epigram.

THE AGE DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

How shall we please this age? if in a song  
We put above six lines, they count it long;  
If we contract it to an Epigram,  
As deep the dwarfish poetry they damn:  
If we write plays, few see above an act,  
And reflect that although my bright sky is o'ercast,  
Let us write satires then, and, at our ease,  
Vex the ill-natur'd fools we cannot please.

PLACE THE RIGHT WORD FIRST.

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain,  
It always right," says sprightly Jane.  
"Ah, would to heaven! cries graver Sue,  
What's right were fashionable too!"

## A CLINCHER.

Nature abhors a Vacuum! Bubo said,  
Bubo, you're wrong—the Vacuum's in your head

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despite not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I. Title-page.

PUZZLE II. Because it is Keen (keen)

PUZZLE III. Because it is pointed.

## NEW PUZZLE.

"Tis whiter than the whitest snow,  
That falls in keen December;

Yet blacker than the stormiest night

A seaman can remember.

"Tis poorer than the beggar'd wretch,

Undone by wasteful pleasures;

Yet richer to the miser's heart,

Than heaps of golden treasures.

"Tis rougher than the roughest blast,

In polar tempests waring;

Yet gentler than a lover's sigh,

A timid maid imploring.

"Tis greater than the universe,

Earth, heaven, and hell combining;

Yet smaller than the smallest mote,

In summer sun-beams shining.

"Tis hotter than the lava floods,

From Etna's blazing fountains;

Yet colder than the snowy tops,

Of Greenland's frozen mountains.

Ye Sphinxes, my Enigma read,

I cannot long conceal it;

And yet believe me, nothing can

Before a week reveal it.

## CHRONOLOGY.

## The Christian Era.

1156 Pope Adrian IV. excommunicated William, King of Sicily, for refusing to receive his letters, and for seizing lands belonging to the Holy See. Frederick crowned Emperor by the pope. The Emperor offended at a papal letter, expelled the legates, and guarded his frontiers, to prevent people from going to Rome. The Pope complained of the Emperor's proceeding.

—Malcolm, King of the Scots, ceded Northumberland, Cumberland, and "Westmoreland, retaining the earldom of Huntingdon only.

1157 Austria erected into a dukedom. Frederic Barbarossa entered Poland, and granted peace to the Poles at their request.

—The kingdoms of Castile and Leon divided between the two sons of Alphonso VIII.

1158 Ladislaus, Duke of Bohemia, created King in an assembly at Ratibon.

1159 The Pope excommunicated Frederic II. Emperor, and died soon after. A schism ensued. Alexander III. and Victor IV. were chosen by different parties. France and England supported the former; the Emperor and clergy of Rome, the latter. Frederic ordered both to repair to Pavia to be judged by a council.

—The Emperor took and destroyed Milan.

1161 Assembly at Clarendon, where Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, refused to subscribe the statutes made to retrench the power of the church. He was denounced a traitor; and flying into France, occasioned a war between the two countries.

1165 Pope Alexander returned to Italy, and took possession of Rome.

1166 Thomas of Canterbury made papal legate in England, revoked the statutes of Clarendon, and threatened the King with excommunication.

1167 Frederic took Rome, and Pope Alexander fled. A malady among his troops obliged the Emperor to retire.

—The pope sent two legates to judge in the affair of Thomas of Canterbury, and suspended him till their arrival.

1170 The King of England received Thomas of Canterbury again into favour.

1171 King Henry's expedition to Ireland, which he reduced. Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered in his own cathedral by four knights. The King submitted to do penance for this murder. The assassins were excommunicated.

—Death of the last Prince of the Fatimite race in Egypt; the famous Saladin became master of that country, and subjected it to the spiritual authority of the Caliph of Bagdad.

1172 Thomas of Canterbury was canonized by Pope Alexander III.

1173 The city of Catana, with 15,000 souls, swallowed up by an earthquake.

1174 William, King of Scotts, taken prisoner by the English, was ransomed by the subjection of his crown to that of England.

1175 The Emperor Frederic made war on Italy.

1176 The Emperor, defeated by the Milanese, was obliged to send a deputation to Pope Alexander to make peace.

1177 Frederic made prisoner, obtained absolution from the pope, and was dismissed with unfavourable conditions.

1178 Great numbers of Sectaries discovered at Toulouse, being excommunicated and banished from the country by the pope's legate, took refuge with the Count of Albi, whence they were called Albigenses.

—Louis VII. of France came a pilgrim to the tomb of Thomas of Canterbury.

—Jorilomo, general of the Japanese, assumed the imperial authority, and reduced the Daires, who had ruled from 660 years before Christ to the spiritual power only.

1180 Death of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, after a reign of 36 years and 5 months; Alexius II. his son succeeded.

—Death of Louis VII. or the young King of France, in the 43d year of his reign. Philip Augustus succeeded.

1181 Henry, Bishop of Albi, pursued the Albigenses with an armed force. They abjured their tenets, but began to teach them anew.

1183 Andronicus Comnenus, caused Alexis the Emperor to be strangled, and seized the empire.

—The people of Berry put to death 7,000 Albigenses.

1185 Richard, son of King Henry, rebelled against his father.

—Dispute between the pope and the Emperor Frederic, concerning the lands left to the see of Rome by the Princess Matilda.

## THE MINERVA,

EDITED BY GEORGE HOUSTON,

Is published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

128 Broadway, New-York,

At Four Dollars per annum payable in advance. No subscription can be received for less than a year; and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the publishers.

J. SAYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.